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MAY
1931

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DEPOSITS--\$4,500,000

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at Moderate Prices

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NETOP

VOLUME XII

MAY, 1931

Number 3

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The Road To Success

You may drift in a canoe,
Not knowing what to do,—
But to gain in health,
Or to increase your wealth,
You've got to paddle, too.

You may not be a boss,
And give your job a toss,—
A drifter is blue,
And you will be too,
Unless you gather your moss.

Although the hare was fast,
By a tortoise he was passed,—
He was lured to the clover,
And when the race was over,
He found that he was last.

So, if a drifter you want to be;
Ask anyone and you will see,
That, to win a race,
In any case,
A worker you've got to be.

Edmund Pucci '31

"The Encouraging Back Seat Driver"

"Did you forget to turn the switch?
 You can't drive as you can pitch.
 What! the engine's cold, and you
 Forgot to pull the choke out, too?

"You hear that noise. Step on the clutch
 Don't think this runs by—Butch,
 Did that engine stall again?
 We won't get home 'till half-past ten.

"No, don't pull out the choke once more,
 And don't forget to close your door.
 Now shift to low. With your right hand
 Take off the brake. You understand.

"You shift to second before high.
 Don't think I'm telling you a lie.
 At last—in high—why don't you keep
 The car on the right side of the street?

"At the next corner turn to the right.
 Careful, don't hit the beacon light.
 I know you always do things wrong
 But just keep still and drive along.

"Try stopping the car within a mile
 Without hitting that large woodpile.
 The only hydrant on the street
 You have missed by a couple of feet.

"You'll never learn how to drive cars
 Before you land behind the bars.
 Don't blame me 'cause you can't drive,
 Consider it lucky you're alive."

E. M. '31

The Life of Riley

Out of the bedroom and into the kitchen
 Marched one cat and nine little kittens
 Straight to the milk dish in single file
 They marched with a wish to drink for awhile.

Then, drinking his fill, the first one in line
 Walked away and made room for the other nine.
 Then into the pantry and throughout the house
 Ran all ten felines after a mouse.

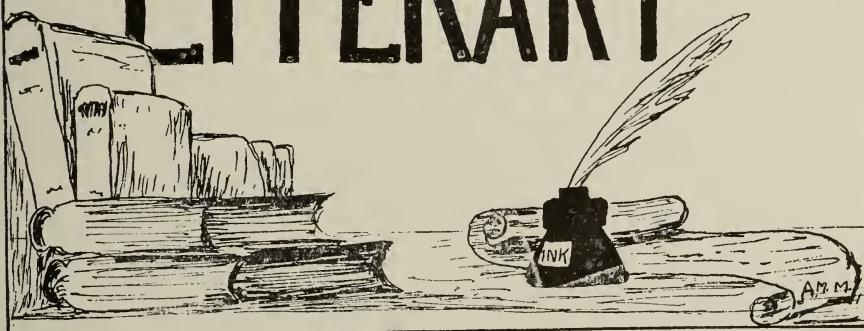
Francis Thomas.

The Wind

Across the meadows and over the lea,
 Tossing the leaves in merry glee,
 Soothing the weary and tired mind,
 Nature's cool and refreshing wind.

R. W. '31.

LITERARY



COUNTRY HOTELS

You park your car outside a wooden structure, pick up your baggage, and stride into the hotel. The lobby is large, the floor is decorated with tiles and spitoons. There are three chairs and a horsehair couch in the room. The couch would have been excellent as a slippery slide in an amusement park, but as a resting place is null and void. Disgustingly oversized ferns and rubber plants abound. By a desk a heated discussion is being waged over the relative merits of prohibition.

You do not seem to be noticed so you cough timidly. The talking does not cease. You cough again, then tap the bar suggestively with a quarter. There is a sudden silence. A long, lean man in the baldescent stage untangles himself and emerges from a cloud of smoke. He strolls toward you nonchalantly munching a toothpick.

"Want a room or somethin'?"

You reply that you do, whereupon he brings forth a pen which has served as screw driver, pipe cleaner, letter opener, and toothpick. It sheds copious black tears. He also brings a bottle of ink which was caught in the rain and has not yet recovered.

After replying where you came from, where you're going, that you are not married, that you don't believe it will rain, and you prefer cream on your Farina, you are led to an elevator. It closely resembles a grain shaft. You step in gingerly. The clerk grabs a huge rope and gives it a vicious pull. There is a terrible trembling and the elevator moves up slightly. You stand on one

foot thinking to lessen the weight. You have a mad impulse to grab the rope and burst into the Volga Boat song, "Yo ho, heave ho," but you resist nobly.

At last you reach the top and the clerk with a Napoleonic air, bows you into a large hall carpeted with a red plush atrocity, once of the speaking variety, now faded to the listening point. You are shown to your room. Its size is equaled only by the size of the bill. However, it is sparsely populated. There is a white iron bed which has had a bad case of sunburn and is peeling frightfully; a small basin; a mirror, evidently rescued from a penny arcade in a picnic park; a hat rack large enough to accomodate all the headgear in town, and a comb and brush. The brush is chained to the wall, but the comb by virtue of its age and almost toothless state, is allowed to wander at will. You undress and attempt to close the window, but the window will not close. You try to turn off the light but this feat can be performed only by a fireman's ladder. At last you get into bed. There are three pillows, a sheet and a blanket, which has gone the way of all moths. Placing one pillow under your head, and the other two on top of you, you fall into a fitful sleep in which it seems to be perpetually daylight.

You awake under the impression that you have slept in a hayrick, and attempt to bathe, standing on one foot in a basin of water and splashing water from another. You attempt to dry

yourself on six inches of cheesecloth. After packing you go down, with the intention of eating breakfast. One glance however decides you. There is an epidemic and all the tablecloths are

suffering with the measles. You pay your bill, buy some stale chewing gum, and bid the hotel, adieu.

M. E. Morgan.

In the Pale Moonlight

The pale moon gazed on the world below,
And flooded the earth with a faint, dim
glow;
And the pine trees sighed with discontent
While the cypress echoed their lament.
Now, in the heart of this very wood,
A dreary and desolate old house stood,
Its battered windows glared into the
night
Like ghostly eyes in the pale moonlight.
Around the house was a broken fence
Almost hid from view by the thickets
dense,
And the house was a ghost in the still of
the night
As its white walls shone in the pale
moonlight.
And through the windows the round
moon shone
Upon a miser sitting alone
Counting some gold with all his might,
His maniac eyes gleaming in the pale
moonlight.
Now up the hill a man in black crept
Ne'er making a noise where'er he
stepped,
And his eyes beheld a wonderful sight
As he saw the gold in the pale moon-
light.
With a leap and a bound he was in the
house
And rushed to the miser as quietly as a
mouse.

"Twas then the moon saw a horrible fight
"Tween the miser and thief in the pale
moonlight.
He saw the thief strike his foe to the
ground
Then make a terrible blood-curdling
sound,
And with hastened step steal into the
night
His path lit up in the pale moonlight.
The moon still gazes on the house below,
And floods the earth with a faint, dim
glow,
The pine trees still sigh with discontent
And the cypress still echo their lament.
Still in the heart of these very lands,
The dreary and desolate old house
stands,
Its battered windows still glare into the
night
Like ghostly eyes in the pale moonlight.
On nights when the clouds are tossed in
the sky
And the moon faintly shines down from
on high
A ghost returns in the still of the night,
Seeking its gold in the pale moonlight.
It shrieks continuously and then groans
While the forests around repeat the
moans.
It bewails the tragedy of that fearful
night
When it lost its gold in the pale moon-
light.

H. S. '31

26 Maple Street
Turners Falls, Mass.
March 22, 1931

Dear Bill,

In my last letter I described the religion of the Americans whom I visited during the year of 2050. In this letter I shall endeavor to present to you a description of the amazing system of education in New America.

Shortly before I returned home, Mr. Pennfeather invited me to spend a few days at his home. His home is equipped with many extraordinary devices but the telephoto-radio was the piece of mechanism which startled me most.

Every boy and girls wears a steel magnet around the right leg; in this band are eight tiny plugs, one plug for each grade in the primary system. Every year the parent of each child must take him to the central education office. Here the child is given a comprehensive test of the year's work. If the child succeeds in passing this test, an education official pulls out the next plug, and locks it, thus indicating that the child is now in the fourth grade or whatever grade the child may be in. If, however, the child fails in this test, the official does not change the plug but tightens the plug, thus indi-

eating that the child is to remain in the same grade.

Batavick, a mammoth radio city is the only city in the country that has transmitters. In Batavick is a great school for students who are trained to teach by the telephoto-radio. A fact that should interest you, Bill, is that only handsome, learned men and beautiful, intelligent women can hope to obtain positions as teachers. No person, regardless of his or her intellectual powers can obtain a position as a radio teacher if he or she is not attractive. The school heads wisely believe that a child is able to learn better if he or she is addressed by a pretty girl or a good looking fellow. Mr. Pennyfeather laughingly told me of the old spinster who taught multiplication and who owned a set of ill-fitting false teeth. During every lesson her teeth used to slip down and humorous occasion repeatedly distracted the students' minds from the lesson. So the mothers complained about the old maid and she was dismissed.

Five minutes before each class is to

Never-Never Land,
March 23, 1931.

Mil dear,

That lovely old maxim, "Never end a love affair or begin a letter with an apology," is the only thing which prevents me from telling you how sorry I am that this letter is so delayed. Some nasty old cold germs decided to pay me a visit and they stayed much too long to suit me. You guessed it, Mil, I'm getting over the gripe." Don't you love that expression "getting over the gripe?" I'll bet that I'll have it longer than a dog keeps fleas. But Mil, I've been somewhere! Now there's nothing funny about that, 'coz I truly mean it. It's something I can't explain—it happened while I was sick in bed. But I know it wasn't a dream, Mil. You'll probably laugh and insist that it was one, but I'll laugh and insist that it wasn't. Oh, but I haven't told you where I was. Mars? Heavens, no! It's too wellknown. No—I went to a comparatively new place—the baby planet, Pluto. I haven't the vaguest remembrance of catching a train for it or taking an air taxi to it. Nevertheless, there I was.

begin, the current is turned on at Batavick's control station and the current is transmitted to the telaphoto-radio in every home. The magnetic rays are then sent around the neighborhood where the children are playing. The respective ray strikes the proper plug. For example, if the fifth class is in session, the current strikes the plug on the child in the fifth grade. If, however, the child delays too long in his playing, a clamp slides back and the child receives a harmless yet painful shock. A few of these shocks sends the tardy child scampering home to the class. The fifth grade discusses Einstein's theory, and other interesting topics. The eighth grade experiments in radium. After a five minute talk by the instructor, candy waves are sent out which are transmitted to each child who receives a charge of peppermint, gum or licorice.

Well, Bill, isn't that unique yet excellent system of education? Next time I shall describe the athletics of New America.

Your dear brother,
Theodore M. Leary '31.

It is an awfully strange place, Mil. Lord knows I'll never go there again—and how I should hate to live there! You wouldn't either, Mil if you had to look like a Tin Woodman in "the Wizard of Oz." Honestly, Mil, when I saw myself a tin woman, why I didn't believe it was I. But it was—it must have been, 'cuz how could anyone but myself act like me, think like me and do everything like me. Before I knew it I found myself walking down the street—the strangest street with the strangest houses I ever saw. They were dead white and it wasn't until later on that I discovered them to be glass! There wasn't a speck of grass or anything green around. Everything was frightfully shiny or dreadfully white. I hadn't any idea where I was going but my feet carried me so naturally into a huge white building and I found myself buying oil and sawdust and answering, "Good-morning Madam Ibid", with a horribly metallic voice. I found time to observe my surroundings and my companions. They were made of tin, Mil—and I was too. We were in geometric designs. Then after exchanging greetings my feet brought me to my home. Everything seemed

perfectly natural to do. I belonged there in Pluto, yet my earth-self found everything so strange. I knew it was the planet, Pluto—I knew it was the year 3636—I knew everybody and everything. Everybody knew me—yet I knew that I didn't belong there. But let me tell you about the queer things I saw. Everything was made either of glass or tin—and worse yet everything was in angles. I did not like it—it felt like a night-mare in Solid Geometry. And everything was so cold, lifeless and uncomfortable. The people clicked metallic clicks, sounding awfully uncanny. Not a speck of beauty anywhere, Mil—but the Plutonians were perfectly contented. They flew from place to place instead of driving. And how they did fly, Mil—wings strapped on their shoulders! And nothing to eat there either, Mil—only sawdust and oil to silence one's creaking joints. Believe me Mil, if I ever see sawdust or oil again I'll just scream. The houses had no windows, yet they were awfully light inside.

I had one dreadful experience, Mil which ended my adventure and brought me directly home. As I was strolling through the garden, (trees, flowers, birds of all sparkling white glass) one of my servants came up to me and very excitedly informed me that Mon-

DAS ALTE

“Diese ist ein Bild eines sehr alten Tors, nicht wahr, Grossmutterchen?” sagte ein kleenes Madchen eines Tages als sie durch ein Bilderbuch bluckte. “Bitte, erzahle mich eine Geschichte davon,”

“Lass Mich denken. Ja, errinnere mich an, und will es dir erzahlen. Obgleich der Name dieses Tors 'Nohlwollen' ists, ereignete es sich viele Unglück.

“Einmal in der Stadt bewahrte bei dusin Tor wohntet ein schonestes Madchen. Sie war die Tochter des Fursten, der der Gebieter des Stadt Heers war. Der Name des madchen war Anna und verlobte sich einem Soldaten, Karl, der zu einem Krieg fort war. Eines Tages kam ein Mann zu ihr und sagte, ‘Ich bin ein gute Freund deines Ferlobten Brautgams. Ich bin von dem Kriege jetzt eben zuruckgekommen.’

‘Ach, gut!’ rief Anna, ‘dann bitte schnell erzahlen Sie mir alle von ihm.’

“Ich werde Ihnen von ihm mit Fergnugess sprechen, wenn Sie mit mir

sieur Toto was entering the house that moment. I refused to be at all excited but it seemed to be a matter of vital importance to him. And Monsieur Toto came, raging, rushing, jump-clicking, creaking.

“Where is Madam Ibid,” he demanded.

“I am she,” I exclaimed. “You imposter, you—you—” he cried, making a wild dive for me.

And I can't help wondering what has happened to Mrs. Ibid. Perhaps she was here sick with the gripple in my place while I was enjoying the wonders of Pluto.

But what do you think about it, Mil? Foolish? I suppose so. A dream? No—not that. True, but uncanny? Yes—that's the best yet, Mil. I haven't told anybody about this yet so I hope that you won't mention it either. I know the family would laugh at me and I don't relish their doing that just now.

The next time I go, Mil, I'll drop in for you to accompany me. May the March winds give me chapped lips if I slip again!

Loads of love,

Con

C. Macek '31.

STADTTOR

einen klunen abstand gehen werden. Wollen Sie?”

‘Ja wohl mit Treunden und mussen Sie dann mir alles erzahlen, dasz Sie wissen,’ erwiederte Anna fröhlich.

‘Sie sich Bewegung machen zusammen nach das Tor. Seitdem sie in der Geschichte thres neuen Freundes interessant war, folgt sie ihm unwissenlich jenseits des Tores hinaus an die Brucke. Als sie auf der Brucke war, kamen viele feindlichen Männer auf einmal und trug sie fort zu ihren Schiffen hinunter.

Anna's Fater als er die Nachricht horte, versammelte all seiner Soldaten um den Freind zu fechten. Karl kam auch nun zurück um den Fursten zu helfen. Nach einem sehr langen strengen, Krieg, wurde Anna zu ihrem Fateo zurückgekommen.

Karl und Anna heirateten und lebten immer glücklich je nach.

Margaret Miller '32.

DIE NORDSEE FISCHER

Einmal sassen die Fischer auf den Banke dru Menschen und ein kleinen Krabe.

Der Zwerete frazte der Ersten wo fur er fischte:

Ich fische fur Fisch "wardie Antwort Der" Erste fragte clin Zwerete warum er fischte:

Ich fische weil meine Frau mir motegte.

Der Zwerete fragte de Dritten warum er fischte:

Ich fishe weil ich weiss nicht adrers zu tun":

Dann alle drei fragten den kleiner Krabe warum er fischte:

Er sagte: Ich fischt um die Wurm schwemmerzw "lehrnen".

Charles Hazelton '32.

LA MARSEILLAISE

L'histoire de "La Marseillaise" est très intéressante. En 1792 dans la ville de Strasbourg, plusieurs jennes François se pressaient pour se rendre à la capitale, où les bataillons se formaient. Monsieur Dietrich, le maire de Strasbourg, voulait montrer sa sympathie à ces volontaires, et à la veille de leur départ pour Paris, il les a invités à dîner. Parmi les hôtes, qui s'étaient assis à la table avec le maire, il y avait un jeune capitaine, nommé Rouget de Lisle, un musicien de talent.

Monsieur Dietrich lui a dit, "Il faut avoir une hymne militaire pour remuer le sang des recrues. Maintenant, voici une chance pour quelqu'un. Vous êtes un poète et vous êtes un musicien; écrivez quelque choses qui vaut d'être chanté."

A minuit Rouget est allé à son logement. Il a pris son violon et il a commencé son travail. Toute la nuit il a travaillé pour faire naître les mots et

la melodie inoubliables de la hymne. A sept heures du matin, Rouget a visité Monsieur Marclet, un officier d'état-major qui avait été au dîner la veille.

Monsieur Marclet a lu la partition avec beaucoup d'admiration et il était pénétré quand il a entendu Rouget la chanter. Après quelques heures, le jeune auteur est allé chez Monsieur Dietrich. Là, accompagné du piano par une des nièces du maire, il a chanté son hymne. Les personnes qui ont écouté à Rouget, étaient emportées par les mesures remuantes. De Strasbourg, la melodie s'est répandu tout de suite de loin et de près.

Un corps de militaire de Marseilles l'a chantée premièrement à Paris, et les Parisiens, ne sachant pas l'origine, l'ont nommé "La Marseillaise". Depuis ce temps-là, tout Paris et toute France l'ont chantée.

—Elizabeth Dykes '31

"SENIOR MASCOT HUNT"

INTRODUCTION: Before reading this play it is well to know a few rules of this hunt and its tradition. Every year this college holds a senior mascot hunt. The juniors and seniors alone participate. The purpose of this hunt is for juniors to find out what the mascot of the seniors is before the banquet in the evening. A miniature of the mascot is hidden on campus and the juniors attempt to find it. A junior is not allowed to come within three feet of a senior that day but one junior at least follows a senior wherever she may go, endeavoring to find what the mascot is. Several seniors are posted at intervals around the campus and a junior may be seen industriously digging in the ground; some up in trees; others pulling rocks out of a stone wall and in all other places where a miniature of the mascot might be hidden. Only the chairman

and committee and president of the senior class know what the mascot is and of course the girl, or girls, whose duty it is to carry the mascot to the banquet. If a junior finds the miniature mascot she keeps it and if at the end of the hunt, at six o'clock, it is still in the possession of the seniors they keep

TIME: Late afternoon in March, 1931. Curtain falls to show lapse of three hours.

PLACE: Outside the M—— tea-room, several trees are growing in front of it. The tea-room is in N—— town where C—— College, a school for women is situated.

CHARACTERS:

Toddy Whitcomb president of senior class at C—— College
Louise Clements chairman of mascot committee

Tillie Riley	president of junior class
Hilma Banks	vice-president
Barbara Thorpe	
Marion Turner	Group of Seniors
Molly Simmons	
Janice Reale	
Alice Pratt	Two juniors
Mary Kimberley	
Cecelia Collins	
Anne Price	All juniors
Lucretia Walsh	

SCENE I:

(Toddy Whitcomb appears right stage closely followed by Tillie Riley.)

Toddy: Three feet, junior! Three feet! So it's president, is it, Tillie?

Tillie: You bet! If you want a thing done right, do it yourself. That's my motto! I slept with my bed facing the window so I could see when you went to breakfast and ever since I've stuck to you like fly-paper. I didn't enjoy my lunch because I was kneeling behind the counter, when you had yours in John's lunchroom. And those pancakes were good! I hated to waste them but all you ate, I guess, was a dish of ice-cream and I had to go out when you did. Well? What's so funny? Remember you were a junior not so long ago! What are you laughing at?

(Louise Clements coming out of the tea room whispers in Toddy's ear just before Tillie pushes them apart).

Louise: Remember that now, Toddy! Well! And how's the soda coming along, Tillie?

Tillie: Soda? Soda? Say is that a hint? Oh, Hilma! Hilma! I've got something to tell you. Come on over here! I can't have this slippery minx a minute.

(Hilma, accompanied by Alice and Lucretia, runs up from left stage looking completely fagged out.) Oh my knees! My poor dimpled knees! I've been crawling around the roof of Hampton House trying to look into the seniors' rooms but the beastly boors have this slippery minx a minute.

Louise: Ought to use soda on those knees, Hilma! (She and Toddy shriek with laughter; they exult.)

Tillie: Say, girls, it's something about soda. I know it is! Toddy keeps saying something about soda and you just heard Louise.

Cecelia comes up—Oh hey there you! Come on over by the tennis courts! Molly and Barbara are over there and

you know what? They're wearing empty quart ice-cream containers on their heads!

Hilma: I think they must be getting hot-headed. Well, come on we'll go over. Anything to get the crinks out of my knees.

(Anne from up in the tree.) Hey! Help a fellow down will you. Here I've been yelling at you for the last five minutes and you haven't even heard me. I got up but I can't get down.

(Mary Kimberly just arriving.) Jump! Anne. You might dig the mascot up when you land!

Anne: Clear the way below! Here I come! (She unceremoniously deposits herself on the ground and gets up, with the help of the others, rubbing the dirt off.) Oh what do you think! (Alice interrupts with an, "I don't" but Anne continues.) You remember the bracelet with the elephants that Marion has? Well, she's been wearing it a lot this last week! Perhaps——

Anne: Cats? Cats? Oh Lord! Pancakes! Quarts of ice-cream! Cats! Soda! It's getting me, girls! It's getting me! (She falls back against Mary with her hand across her face in a fake faint.)

Curtain Falls

(Our group of juniors are clustered together again outside of the M—— tea-room.

Cecelia: Well, our last hope is to discover what the blame thing is. They won this afternoon, anyway. They keep the Miniature! My aunt's tom cat! Is this the express wagon driving up? Will you look at that big box? Can that be the mascot? Must be an electric washing machine!

Mary: Oh here comes Mr. Barry! Doesn't he look like Santa Claus? We'll get him to let us deliver those numerous packages.

(Mr. Barry enters right stage laden with a mail bag, bulging with bundles. A big smile lights his face.)

Mr. Barry: Well! Well! If it isn't the Foxes hunting the Hares again. Here! Let go of that mail, you wretch!

(The girls cluster around him, some relieve him of his mail bag and others hold on to his arms.)

Lucretia: Now, Mr. Barry, we're serious! You let us carry your packages into the tea-room! You must be awfully tired. (In a stage whisper) Psst! Anne! Have you got the bag? All right! See you in the funny papers, Mr. Barry. I'll

give you a piece of candy next time you bring me some from that stingy sister o'mine.

(They grab Mr. Barry and push him off the stage while he laughs heartily) (They quickly open the decoy packages amidst some grunts and squeals to find of course nothing in them. After Alice has opened six boxes in one large one, she yells—)

Line up, kind kids. Here come some seniors. Will you cast a shy maiden's glance on those bulges under their arms and coats. (They stop.)

Molly: You poor juniors! I should think you'd need some heavy sleeping. That right, Janice? If tomorrow wasn't Sunday you'd probably sleep right through your first classes.

(Marion and Barbara appear to be suffering from suffocation of inward laughter, and finally they double over, several packages falling out in the process.)

Marion: Well, come along. We'll let those sly foxes figure it out.

Toddy: But by the way, Tillie, your telegram to me came but you were wrong. You said it was a book on good manners at the table but—

Barbara: I think it's a waste of money for the junior president to send a telegram with her guess to the senior president. It's never right.

They pass into the tea-room but queerly enough several more packages carelessly fall from under the seniors' coats. The juniors grab them up.

Alice: I know these are decoys again but you never can tell. Sure! They are! I say, Hilma you look as though you had a bright thought. Tell us before you lose it.

Hilma: I have! I think I've got it.

Tillie: Not the measles! They're frightful!

Hilma with a withering glance—. Do you recall the time Marion and Janice had that spread in their room?

That night they formed a club, the Soporites. Today, Louise, Barbara, and

THE LURE OF TROUT FISHING

It's one of my most joyous moments when I get the old pole and can out. I procure a shovel and dig a can of those long, wiggly worms to tempt the fish. With my license in my pocket, I start the old bus, which is loaded down with supplies as if I were going on a week's vacation in the Adirondacks.

Molly were there, I looked up "Sopo" and it meant "Heavy sleep". They called themselves that because they all slept one afternoon right through supper. And by jinks, they named Louise's kitten, Sody. They lined up all their dishes of ice-cream on the floor, and the cat lapped one after the other. That explains the heavy sleep, the quarts of ice-cream, the cat, and the soda.

Anne: Molly told me that they had stacks of pancakes—that explains why Toddy laughed, Tillie, over your pancakes!

Tillie—It must be something about that. I tell you. We'll climb up on the roof and look in the windows of the seniors' private dining-room and see what we shall see.

(They clamber up on the low roof with the help of a ladder and clustered together they peered into the windows.)

Anne: Well, I'll be a green freshman. You were right, Hilma. Look at that mascot. Gee, it is cute, isn't it?

Tillie: Here comes Mr. Barry. Let's tell him. Oh Mr. Barry! Want to know what the Mascot is?

Mr. Barry, grinning: Sure! If I'm forgiven I would like to know. I know that Toddy and Louise came over here at three o'clock this morning with it but that's all.

Tillie: So that's why we couldn't find it! Well it's an awfully cute statue of a little gray kitten, that's Louise's—with a tag on which is written his name, "Sody," tied on his neck, sitting on a stack of pancakes lapping a bowl of ice-cream!

Mr. Barry: Hunkydorry! That's the best one I've heard of in all the time I've been here.

Tillie: I say—three yawns for the Soporites!

(Everyone, including Mr. Barry give three long yawns and then the girls fall back against each other on the roof fast asleep.

CURTAIN
Martha McGillicuddy '32.

Starting out over the spring roads in a "T" Ford isn't all pleasure. A bump here, then a puddle large enough to float a boat, dry land for ten feet then submerge in a chasm of sticky, mucky, grime only to have the old bus chug once more and die down like a burned out match! Which is it, wet

coils, battery fallen out, no gas, or engine jammed out of place? Most anything can be procured from the back seat from a valve cap to a piston or motor head. A few minutes of wading around in mud, knee deep, looking under the car for trouble only to discover it was a short circuit on the keyboard! I start once more for "those hills" and trout aplenty.

Not many casualties up to the old grounds, only three flats and an empty radiator twice. After parking the T in a secure place and out of danger (no one would want it by any means) and unpacking the supplies for the great encounter I try to find that good brook. After walking for half an hour and arriving at the old spot and getting ready to troll, the first casualty occurs for I find I lost half the worms getting under the fence. Next my hook catches a root below and in trying to unfasten it I lose my balance and fall headlong into the stream, boots and

waterproof clothes full of water, but what difference do a few casualties make? A nibble now and then or a few two or three-inch fish brace the will to keep on. After fishing for an hour in one pool I decide to change to a better spot and I do this several times.

Darkness begins to settle, shadows grow longer, winds blow, birds stop singing, about time to start home. Now to find the car, and after an hour's hunt finding it safe and unmolested, so I pack wet boots, pole, basket and can but no fish into the car. But what's the difference, a day in the healthy air and woods keeps the mind fresh and clear and makes one willing to work harder, and always better luck next time.

I can tell the folks about that good bite I had even though I didn't catch him and this experience will make a good (fish) story to tell at the next club meeting.

F. Yukl '31.

Hotel D'Champs, Paris, France

Dear Dot:

I'm having one grand and exciting time here in beautiful old Paris. You'll be thoroughly convinced of the fact when I tell you about my strange adventure.

Thursday morning I decided to go antique hunting down in the old Latin Quarter of Paris. Mother tried to persuade me not to go alone but her pleading had no effect upon me. I was going alone or not at all.

Taking a bus from Hotel D'Champs I rode about a half mile or so into the outskirts of Paris. I alighted from the bus in front of a group of dark dingy old buildings. The street was deserted except for two little ragged children playing in the road. A little dirty card in one of the windows attracted my attention. It said "Antiques". I was delighted to think I had found an antique shop without having to hunt all over the place. I ran up the stairs and pounded on the knocker. Dead silence followed. One, two, three minutes passed and nothing happened. I had just turned about to retrace my steps when the door opened slowly and a little fat man stuck his head out. At seeing me a curious look came over his face and for a minute we both seemed speechless, each of us taking in the other. I finally recovered and exclaimed, "I would like to see some of

your antiques." He seemed to be considering whether or not to let me in but he finally stepped aside and I passed within.

The room I entered was dark and shadows seemed to dance upon the walls. The place was filled with old furniture and relics of all sorts, but the sinister air of the place made me feel uneasy and distracted my attention. My eyes finally fell upon a woman standing in the shadows near a door over in the far end of the room. She was staring at me with a hard glitter in her eyes. Unable to bear the silence I nervously said, "I would like to see some vases." The man shuffled over to a show case and brought forth two or three specimens but they did not suit me and seeing this he went over to the woman and said something to her. She disappeared and returned with two little silver antique vases. One in particular appealed to me. As I inspected it a little piece of paper attracted me. It lay at the very bottom of the vase. I withdrew the paper without attracting the attention of either of the two people. Every muscle in my body quivered. Oh! Dot you can't imagine what was on that slip of paper. It almost sounds unreal.

Here was what I read. "For God's sake help me! I am being held a prisoner by this man and woman. Be careful or your fate will be the same."

I ask you, Dot, just what would you have done if you had found such a note and knew you were in danger? A feeling of helplessness came over me standing in that shadowy room. What was the meaning of it all? To stall for time to think I walked around inspecting other things but all the time I was taking in the contents of the place. In a far off corner I saw a telephone. Here was at least one chance in a million. I worked my way in that direction under the suspicious eyes of the two people. Did they suspect me? When their attention was finally distracted from me I grabbed the phone and cried "Emergency, police, Antique shop"—but before I could say any more the phone was knocked from my hands and a hand clapped over my mouth. I kicked and bit and struggled with the remaining strength I had left but it was of no avail. I was dragged into a room bound and gagged and left alone. You may think I've been reading many mystery stories, Dot, but believe me this is all true. About ten minutes passed when the man came back and dragged me out into another room, one that I never knew existed and there was the

ON THE ART

One of the most interesting pleasures I have so far been able to derive from this tedious round of school is watching the students' actions during the study hour. There are, as a rule, scarcely two people to be found in the entire room who appear to be studying in a like manner. In the first place, it makes a great deal of difference when the study period comes. If it is the last period there is usually much furtive watching of the clock and what studying is done, is performed in a very leisurely, disinterested manner. However, let the study period come, perhaps, third period and there is very little time wasted. Over in one corner of the room is a boy who appears to have left all his preparation for the next three classes for this three-quarters of an hour. He picks up one book glances through it for a few minutes, looks anxiously at the clock, puts that book away and takes up another. He writes furiously for a few minutes with this book open before him, then looks once more at the clock. The fact that this time-piece has moved considerably seems to baffle him and his face registers an unbelieving expression of shock

other girl who had written the note.

We were all interrupted by a banging on the door. Oh! Dot you'll never know how wonderful that sounded. We were both grabbed and the captors tried to push us through a little door and down into a secret passage but they failed. I kicked and squirmed with such force that I finally loosened the gag from my mouth and gave a piercing scream. A crash and I knew no more.

Well, Dot, how is that for a hair raising adventure. The police arrived just in the nick of time and I suppose I can thank the operator who traced the call. A minute later the police would have found the supposed Antique shop deserted. That man and woman made a business out of just concealing girls and holding them while someone else collected the ransom money. It was a perfect place for no one would suspect a person to be hidden there. Well, dear old Dot, that's the end of the thriller so by by till I hear from you again.

Your loving friend,

Ruth Vassar "31".

P.S. "Beware of all antique shops."

OF STUDYING

and dismay. He casts the book aside hurriedly and grabs another, repeating this process until by the end of the period he has only the vaguest ideas as to each subject and has almost translated his geometry theorem into Latin.

Then I look around the rest of the room. A little farther over is a girl who has apparently completed all of her prescribed work and is merely using this period to brush up on all of her material. O, for her cool, nonchalant manner when that bell jangles mercilessly announcing that our forty-five minute respite from the steady fire of questions is almost over.

In the meantime I have found another type of student. He apparently has plenty to do if he cared to but finds much more pleasure in roaming about the room. Now he is sharpening his pencil, noticing everything going on outside the window as he does so. Now he goes up to the desk for paper. Now he is asking the teacher for a pass. He spends his whole period on such trivialities and it is only when the warning bell rings that he remembers something he was supposed to do. O, well he merely gets permission to

speak and asks another fellow what it was.

The rest of the types don't interest me as much for it is the first poor fellow who has all my sympathy and the last two, all my envy. No matter how much work I may do at home and how much time I may spend at my desk in study, I have never yet found a time

when I didn't need every minute of my study period and although I realize that this confused method of studying rather confuses what knowledge I have instead of adding to it, nevertheless, I am as yet unable to spend my precious forty-five minutes any other way.

J. P. '32.

AN APPRECIATION

"As the long train of ages glides away." Let us take this train of ages and disregarding Father Time, let us visit some of the early American poets. First we will visit a poet who at the age of seventeen became known for "Thanatopsis" a melancholy poem on death. He is William Cullen Bryant. We find him in the woods, for he is a lover of nature. He points out to us the beauties of the forest so that we may better appreciate his poems, on nature, as "A Forest Hymn", "The Gladness of Nature" and "The Death of the Fowers." A rumble of thunder in the distance interrupts our conversation. Bryant jumps up and tells us to come to his house until the storm is over, for, he says, the "Lord of the Winds" is approaching. From a window we watch the storm come across the valley toward us. Birds are hurrying to shelter before this "giant of air." Then comes a heavy downpour of rain and "shut off from the rest of the world" we "remain, alone with the terrible hurricane." As suddenly as the storm came, it goes away. We thank our host and hurry to our train.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood," we find Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is the founder of the school of Transcendentalists. Not being Transcendentalists ourselves we do not understand nor fully appreciate those who are. To tease him a little we tell him that the beauty of the Rhodora at our feet seems to be wasted. Emerson answers, "If eyes were made for seeing, then Beauty is its own excuse for being." He knows a great deal about youth for he says.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low "Thou
must,"

The youth replies, "I can."

The whistle of the train brings us to our feet and with hasty adieu we hurry to board it.

At the next stop we find Henry Wordsworth Longfellow surrounded by little children for he is the children's poet. He has just finished telling them "Hiawatha". They beg him to tell them about "Evangeline" and "Paul Revere's Ride" but he shakes his head and says that "The Children's Hour" is over for today for he wants to visit with the older people. When they scamper away, Longfellow takes us to the ship yard where a ship by the name of "Union" is being built. The workmen sing as they build the ship: "Build we straight, O worthy Master! Stanch and strong a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle." The Master explains to us that the youth who is leaning against the anchor will marry his daughter on the day the ship is launched and that will make another union. Longfellow walks with us as far as the train. On the way, he tells us about "The Birds of Killingworth", of how the people killed the birds that ate a handful of grain and how the whole town was nearly devoured by worms and insects. Too late they saw their folly. The next spring they brought birds from all the countries around and never again thought that birds did more harm than good. As we leave Longfellow calls out to come again and we assure him that we will and very soon, too.

We are now leaving the warm weather and our train stops with a jerk. A huge snow drift blocks our way, so we go to the nearest farm house. We are warmly greeted by our friends, the Whittiers. The large living room is typical of their simple living. The walls are white-washed and the beamed ceiling is very low. The fire place lights up the whole room and the huge pile of wood side of it shows that we will be kept warm for a long time. It is quite dark outside so the father and the boys are all through with their work. We all gather about the fire place to tell stories. The mother is not

idle, but while telling stories or listening to them, she knits stockings. After listening to all the stories we go to bed, for it is still snowing outside and we can't possibly get to the train until morning. Whittier is still a boy and as yet has not written anything really important but already he is fond of poetry and shows signs of becoming a great poet. We remember him for writing "Barbara Frietchie", "In School Days", "The Barefoot Boy" and many others. We wake up with a start. Everything is so changed out doors. After a simple but substantial breakfast we thank our friends and ride on a snow-plough to our train.

We now come to a poet who aroused such indignation in the country by a poem, "Old Ironsides", that the ship was saved. Oliver Wendell Holmes was twenty-one when he wrote this poem. Dr. Holmes is one of our favorites for he enjoyed life, had a good sense of humor and showed it in many of his works. He wants us to remember him by his favorite poem "The Chambered Nautilus", which shows that Dr. Holmes was not entirely a "funny man". In his poem "Contentment" he laughs at himself. We enjoy his prose selections as well as his poetry and we ride to the train in "The Deacon's Masterpiece" otherwise known as "The Wonderful 'One-hoss Shay'."

Last but not least we stop at the home of James Russell Lowell. He, too, wrote humorous poetry but we remember him for "The Vision of Sir Launfal". Lowell takes us to see the

knight start out with shining armor on a beautiful day in June. He says; "And what is so rare as a day in June—Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays; Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur or see it glisten; Every clod feels a stir of night, An instinct within that reaches and towers, And groping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." The last line shows us that Lowell belonged to the school of Transcendentalists. The knight is horror stricken when a leper approaches him begging for food. Sir Launfal tosses him a coin to get rid of him but the leper does not touch it. Next we see Sir Launfal not on a perfect June day but on a cold Christmas day. He is old now. No shining armor glistens in the sun. He has returned but his friends do not recognize him. When a leper approaches him, he no longer shrinks away, but shares with him, his last crust of bread. The leper becomes Christ and tells Launfal:

"Who gives himself with his alms—
feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor,
and Me."

We leave Lowell with these last two lines by which to remember him. Now that we have met these great poets, we can visit them more often and become better acquainted with them for they are friends, we will never forget.

A. S. '31

The Height of Contentment

A La Lois Ingals

If I were offered heart's desire
Would I ask to set the world afire,
With mark of genius or some known art
A life by brilliance set apart,
Or be a woman leader bold
To cause and purpose my spirit sold?
Not I—I'd ask for simpler things—
I'd seek the peace contentment brings.

I'd demand red hair like "Clara Bow"
(I'd be no fine lady, just so—so.)
With a complexion somewhat like a rose
And a fat check book to buy fine clothes.
Not a great mansion would I crave,
About a racoon coat I'd rave!
For no stately chauffeured "Rolls" I'd

pine
At "Hot Dog" stands I'd gladly dine,
With Tom, Harry, or even Pete,
As long as several did compete,
They are the stars from "Notre Dame"—
That college of all Foot-Ball fame.
Or maybe I'd ask to roam the skies.
I'd learn to bake great apple pies
And phone my friends—"Let's have a
party,
And we'll make fudge and laugh so
hearty,
And roll the rug from a shining floor,
And dance—and call 'Contract' a bore."
Do you think I ought to ask for more?

—Bernice Dolan '31



EDITORIALS

THE ART OF SAYING THINGS

People talk a great deal about art—they seem to think it makes them appear intellectual—even tho' that were impossible! However, one of the most important of the arts is sadly neglected. It needs considerable brushing and shining before it can be well offered for inspection—that is the art of saying things. True it sounds simple—but it isn't. Yet, it's like all other arts, some people are born with a natural aptitude for it while others merely dabble now and then. You know yourself that you don't listen to the man who has much of deep importance to say, but says it in an uninteresting manner one half as attentively as you do to the man who can say nothing beautifully, or perhaps I should say woman—for the world seems to place the ability to say nothing at the feet of woman.

Beauty in language does not mean flowery language at all—quite the opposite, it means dashing words, gay pic-

turesque words, startling words that make you sit up and take notice even when you don't want to.

Think how much more clever it is to say, as one writer did—"Why, we remember when Modernism was just a little boy in short pants," than to say, "When Modernism was young," as the majority of us would—and the odd part of it is we would probably think we were being very clever. It's that ability to say things with a clever little twist and, above all, a different one that has made all our literary lights shine, from that ever brilliant beacon light called Shakespeare to the dimmest candlelight of our least important author.

But if you haven't a natural ability to say things cleverly or had at least, a successful training—it's like climbing up an escalator that is going down—if you work hard enough and long enough you may get there. Like many other things it's all in knowing how.

Guaranteed Useful

A high school senior dropped in on us the other day to ask if we could tell him how to make a good fiction writer out of himself. We couldn't. As far as we know, there is no sure way of making a writer. But we did make four recommendations to him. Here they are. (1) You'll need a good background of information—so get the very best education you can. (2) You'll need to live intelligently and acquire understanding of the active life of the day—so in your vacations and in your first years out of school and college get jobs at which you can earn your living and at the same time learn a lot

about different kinds of people in different parts of the country. (3) You'll need plenty of practice in expressing yourself—so write something every day. (4) You'll need constant stimulating contact with outstandingly good brains—so read at least two books a week, **investigated** books, recommended by reviewers or men in whom you have confidence. . . That high school senior may not turn out to be a writer. He may be a salesman or an engineer or a lawyer or a plumber. That's all right. He can't lose by following our four recommendations. They'll put him ahead in any line. We guarantee them.

American Boy Magazine.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

The very word "mountain", like the word "life", is symbolic of something great and awe-inspiring. To climb a mountain then, must be to accomplish something great. But to climb the mountain of life is to climb something far greater.

The going-up is usually a long, hard pull for us poor human beings. Yet there are some of us who can do it easily, who never seem to slide back. If you are one of those lucky ones, remember the other fellow. Give him a hand now and then—and what if you do slip back a foot or so? It is twice as much fun to do your climbing with a fellow climber. The higher the mountain, the harder the climb and the nearer you come to the top, the steeper it becomes. That is why some of us are lost by the way side. We haven't the nerve to go on.

There is an old song which goes something like this. "The bear went over the mountain to see what he could see." I've sometimes wondered just what some people were looking for on the other side of the mountain. It is enough to

He Weighed

Dr. Paul Heyl, of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, did! It took him seven years to make his apparatus and measurements. The results, in tons, is the figure 6 followed by 21 ciphers. You call it "six sextillion tons". And Dr. Heyl says that if all the humans and

SCHOOL NOTES

I don't think any of us can get through a day without hearing something about the 18th Amendment. Perhaps some of us were a little confused as to what it was all about, but after hearing both sides of the repeal question there was little doubt left, I am sure.

The subject was: "Resolved: That the 18th Amendment should be repealed." The member of the affirmative were: Bernice Dolan, Ralph Dubic and Frederick Miller. The members of the negative were: Lester Clark, Bernard Kelleher and Margaret Jillson. Both of these sides were introduced by the presiding officer, Francis Yukl. The judges were, Mr. Lorden, Chairman, Miss Teed and Mr. Neary.

After the three members of each side had given their arguments and proofs, Francis Yukl announced the first speaker on the rebuttal. The

have reached the top. The world always looks more beautiful when you're looking down at it from the heights. Somehow all the dull, ugly things are so overshadowed by the greater, beautiful ones that they do not matter. Perhaps, if your mountain is a very high one you can see nothing but soft clouds below and the glorious heavens above. It has been worth the climb—no matter how hard.

Now, since that which goes up must come down, *you* must go down for there is no where to go from the top of the mountain—but down. Sometimes the going down is even more difficult than the going up. You must hold back to keep from falling. When you have reached the bottom you look up and smile a little. You wonder how you ever got up there, anyway. You are glad you made the climb and you would do it again, given the chance. But after all, it's only with a real mountain you may get another chance. With that enormous mountain termed life you take your chance now and that's your only one!

the Earth!

animals were taken off the earth, it wouldn't make any appreciable difference in the weight.

Few of us realize that some of the most important discoveries in science come from Uncle Sam's own scientists.

—Current Topics.
—Arnold Merritt '31

speeches that followed were improvised on the spur of the moment from notes made during the speeches and were very well done. They were very exciting, displaying the keen wits of the various contestants, and almost invariably contained something to make us laugh.

Mr. Lorden collected the decisions of the judges after the last rebuttal and announced that they had unanimously chosen the affirmative side as the victor.

The members of both teams who did this under the able supervision of Miss Ayer should be complimented highly for their efforts and should feel that they had done a hard job well.

Something New

I don't know whose idea it was, but we've been singing popular songs the last five minutes of chapel, for the last few times. It really is a lot of fun.

ALUMNI GALLERY

Turners Falls? Right this way!

You enter a large hall, whose high walls are brought to life with the many portraits of our famous alumni. Who, you say, and famous for what? Athletes, scholars, business men and women!

Alice Gun of the class of '30 is a member of the tennis team of the University of Vermont. Miss Gunn has also joined the Pi Beta Phi Sorority. She was one of the fifty-four Freshmen to be pledged this year.

Jean Aubrey also of '30, who attends McDuffie's School is swimming her way to fame. You remember Jean as the star of the girl's basketball team in 1930.

And if it isn't Clayton Herrick with boxing gloves! First that boy climbs a greased pole out at Ohio Wesleyan, and now he is making a record as a boxer.

Without a doubt that is Joe Mylek, swallowed up in a huge C meaning Canisius University! Joe will be a crack foot-ball player, wherever he is.

The Dog Next Door

Some people say the next-door dog
And my dog are just the same.
They say the only difference is,
That mine has a different name.
They say that tail and spots and ears
And eyes and nose and bark
Are just the same as my dog
In the daylight or in the dark!
But, for a million dollars down
And fifty million more,
I wouldn't trade my dog
For the little dog next door!

Virginia Martin.

Come, gentle wind,
Blow, swift and gay.
For I want my kite to sail
Over the trees,
Past the clouds,
Waving its long white tail.

Now it rises,
Catches the breeze,
It rides smoothly along,
High and fast
As I hold the string
Pulling so hard and strong.

R. Godin.

Mylek was a member of the class of '30.

Several of our alumni are attending Bay Path Institute. Mary Kostrewska is taking a Civil Service Course, Randolph Moltenbrey is taking a two-year Normal Course. These two students wrote at the speed of 50 and 52 words per minute in a recent speed test.

Other achievements have been accomplished, besides those in athletics and learning. Daniel Leary, '29, was elected president of his class last year at M. S. C. Dan has also gained a name in sports. Theodore Martineau, '27, is president of the Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity at Norwich University. At this same University Lloyd Starbrick is a member of the Glee Club.

Irving Gartrell, '28, has been playing basketball on the varsity team at Worcester Tech. I wonder if Irving's dog, Buddie, that faithful mascot of Turners in '28 is performing the same duties at Worcester?

Here's that ever-famous portrait of Louis Bush '29, who attends M. S. C. He is playing basketball exceptionally well and upholds his old record which he started at Turners.

There's Lovell Brown standing on guard, "while his musket moulds in his hands". Lovell is a member of the rifle team at Norwich University.

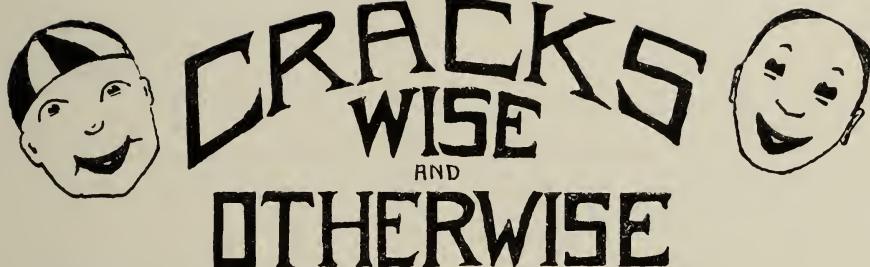
Green

With due respects to
Mr. Walter De la Mare.

Slightly and lightly now green trees
Flutter in the summer breeze;
This way and that one peers and sees
Green leaves blowing on green trees;
Green the grass beneath one's feet;
Green the blinds across the street;
See the green of those small shrubs
Which up against one's shirt now rubs;

Now on the porch the canary trills
In a green cage and gives one thrills;
Down the street comes a car of green
With a fresh polish and a high sheen;
Green the color for summer time
Brings you coolness—and words to
rhyme.

Dorothy Jillson '31.



CRACKS WISE AND OTHERWISE

"Offishur, you'd better lock me up.
Jush hit my wife over the head wish a
club."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't thinsk so. Thosh why I wan-na
be locked up."

Sober one: "My good man, you had
better take the street car home."

Not so sober: "Sh'no ushe. Wife
wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."

"Brethren, we mus' do something to
remedy de statusquo," said a colored
preacher to his congregation.

"Brother Jones, what am de status
quo?" asked a parishioner.

"Dat, brother," said the preacher am
Latin for de mess we're in."

The teacher was testing the general
knowledge of the junior class. Slap-
ping a half dollar down on the desk
he said sharply, "What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row
said, "Tails".

Customer (suspiciously). "How is
the hash made here?"

Waiter: "Made, sir? Hash ain't made
—it accumulates."

Ralph Dubic: "Did you take your
exams?"

Harold Doran: "No, they took me."

A girl drove up to a garage in an
Austin and asked for a thimbleful of
gasoline.

"And would you like me to cough in
your tires?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, would I were a bird," she sang

Her high notes were all flat.
His comment caused the girl a pang:
"If so I'd call the cat."

"I hadda terrible dream last night! I
dreamt the animal this fur came from
was gonna chew me to pieces."

"Don't tell me you're afraid of rab-
bits."

When Venus vamped Adonis—tried to
string him as her beau—
He grabbed his hat and left her flat;
a hunting he would go.
A wild wild boar bore down on him,
and with his dying breath
This clever youth cried, "Ye, forsooth,
I'm simply bored to death."

"I've got a pretty distasteful job be-
fore me," remarked the genealogist.
"Mrs. Newrich employed me to look up
her family tree and I've got to inform
her that one of her relatives was elec-
trrocuted."

"Why worry about that?" said his
friend. "Just write that the man in
question 'occupied the chair of applied
electricity at one of our public institu-
tions."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were feel-
ing better today after having been
knocked down by an automobile.

"Leonore" Only Opera Beethoven
Wrote on Monday Evening.

Urban Shopkeeper: Excuse me, Madame but that is a mirror.

Song Hits

Pep-Vim-Vigor

Kelleher, Yukl and Mackin
I've Got Five Dollars

Freshmen class
Were You Sincere C. Macek

Say A Little Prayer For Me
Seniors taking College entrance exam

Little Joe Joe Grogan
Dream a Little Dream of Me

Mary Ladd
99 out of a 100 Ruth Vassar

If You Should Ever Need Me M. Kallins

Walkin' My Baby Back Home Fran Tremil

I'm Mad About You L. Clark
Come On Let's Get Friendly

Ruth Van Vaulkenberg
Have You Forgotten L. Koch

From Out of Nowhere P. Ladd
Reaching For the Moon Fritz

I'm Just a Lover T. Leary
Figure It Out For Yourself

Solid Geometry

Places of Interest to T.F.H.S. Students

M. Kallins Gardner

C. Macek Philadelphia

B. Dolan Baltimore

J. Mackin Greenfield

L. Clark Turners

E. Tuttle M. S. C.

V. Cassidy Washington, D. C.

M. Dent Greenfield

F. Miller Riverside

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Be nice to senior and junior girls.
The Prom is near.

If You Don't Like It, Suet!

I never sausage eyes as thine
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'll find some ham-let far away
We'll meat life's frown with life's caress
And cleaver road to happiness.

JOKES

Mr. Lorden: What was a result of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill?

Senior History Student: The Whigs passed out.

Mr. Wrightson: What is the case of Media nocte. (meaning at midnight)?

V. Cassidy: (in a daze) Ablative of Separation.

The following was found in the Algebra room. Try and figure it out.

I am twice as old as you were when I was as old as you are and when you are as old as I am, together we will be 63.

Mr. Lorden: Who was George Washington?

Stuart Dykes: He's the guy whose wife makes candy.

Visitor (at the Turners Falls High School): And how many students have you here, Mr. Burke?

Mr. Burke (absent-mindedly): Oh, about one in every ten.

Mrs. Jones: My husband went to church this morning.

Mrs. Brown: My husband's Sunday paper didn't come either.

He: Every time I kiss you, it makes a better man of me.

She: Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night.

She (angrily): Anybody would think I was nothing but a cook in this household.

He: Not after eating a meal here.

Bliss

Last night I held a hand in mine,
It was so small and sweet
I thought my heart would surely break
So loudly did it beat.
No other hand into my heart
Can greater rapture bring
Than the little hand I held last night,
Four aces and a king.

Exchange.

"I—I—I d-d-don't s-stutter all the time. O-only wh-when I t-talk."

Indian: "Let's sit down and hold a pow-wow."

White: "I'll sit down, but damned if I'll hold one of those mangy curs."

American Boy.

"The jig is up," said the doctor as his St. Vitus patient died.

American Boy.

Dear Old Lady (in curiosity shop): I suppose this is another of those horrible futuristic paintings which you call art.

Nine hot dogs
Sizzlin' on a plate,
In come the boarders
And then they were ate.

"H'm! So you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?"
"No, sir, but I can learn."

"Rufus, did you go to your lodge meeting last night?"

"Nah, suh. We done have to postpone it."

"How was that?"

"De Grand All-Powerful, Invincible, Most Supreme Unconquerable Potentate dun got beat up by his wife."

Mrs. Newlywed: We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of spongecake."

Judge: Disorderly conduct. Five dollars and costs.

Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing): And I'd made the cake with my own hands.

Judge: Assault with a deadly weapon—one year."

Jay walker: So many people are struck by autos while alighting from street cars

Conductor of Street cars: Well, yes; but those people have paid their fares; It's running over people who are waiting to get on that makes me mad.

Little daughter: Why is father singing so much tonight?

Mother: He is trying to sing the baby to sleep.

Little daughter: Well, if I was baby I'd pretend I was asleep.

Secretary: A man has just called. He wishes you to tell him the secret of your success in life.

Financier: Is he a journalist or a detective?

Critic: Ah! And what is this? It is superb! What soul! What expression!

Artist: Yeah—That's where I clean the paint off my brushes.

Owner of small car (who has crashed with a truck): But couldn't you see me coming?

Truck Driver: I thought it was a fly on the windshield.

Recipes

A Good Teacher:
one part common sense
two parts knowledge of what she's doing

one part patience

Mix ingredients thoroughly and sprinkle well with a sense of humor. The last is important.

A Good Student:

one part attentiveness
one part concentration
two parts perseverance

Bake until brown in the oven of education then cover with the frosting of understanding.

A Good Sport:

one part good humor
two parts sympathy
one part charm and personality
Serve with the syrup "Fair Play".

It's a great dish and should be served often.

The Pest:

two parts meanness
one part ignorance
one part selfishness
Salt with foolishness—and throw away.

Etiquette for the General Nuisance

Informal invitations should be worded thus:

"For the love of Mike get out of my way.

Can't you see where you're going?"

Informal replies thus:

"Whatcha hurry? Go the other way."

It is not good form to address your teachers respectfully.

It is not good form to use such words as "Please" or "Thank you".

It is good form to mar books, desks, and other school property.

It is good form to be exceedingly noisy in class and in the hall.

Employer: Jones, call up the dentist and make an appointment with him for me—(gulp)—a-and-Jones—

Secretary: Yes, Sir.

Employer: Don't urge him.

Joudge: You say you came here for work. Wasn't there a stronger motive?

Defendant: Yes there was.

Judge: What was it?

Def.: A locomotive.

"When I left college I didn't owe anyone a cent."

"Dear me, what an unfortunate time to leave!"

Scribblers: "I write jokes for my daily bread."

Friend: "But this is stale bread you are eating."

Scribbler: "And so are my jokes."

"Did you notice how my voice filled the hall last night?"

"Yes!—I even saw some people leavin' the hall to make more room for it!"

"Would you lend me your snow shovel?"

"Sure—if you'll borrow my sidewalks too."

"Waiter, this fish is awful! Why did you insist that I order it?"

"Because otherwise sir, it would have been served to us in the kitchen."

Teacher: "Fred if I said I am beautiful, what tense would it be?"

Fred: "Past."

Man (at police station): "Could I see the man who was arrested for robbing our house last night?"

Sergeant: "Why do you want to see him?"

Man: "I want to ask him how he got into the house without awakening my wife."

"Pathfinder"

Hotel Garage Man (to fusser about midget car): All right! I'll see that it's refilled and washed and polished, and if you like I'll have it left outside your bedroom with your boots in the morning.

I like to think that I am kind,
And have a pleasant, willing mind,

And though the reason's hard to tell,
It seems to work out very well,

Contentment

A couch of pine beside a brook
Well hid by sheltering trees,
Where I could lie and listen to
The secrets of the breeze
That whistles in my treetops high
A purring swishing song
With now and then a sad note struck
Upon his coney gong.
A book that tells of romance far
From polar ice and snows
Or yet the one a farmer wrote
On rustic spades and hoes,
And one that tells of Gallahad
And one of Teddy R.,
And if I wanted horror, then
The newest one on war.
But when the printed words grew dim
And lost their strange appeal
I'd leave my coach of pine and go
And wander in a field.
A rolling field t'would be, fringed
'round
With ever darkening woods,
And watch the tiny stars appear
And doff their inky hoods.
And how they'd twinkle down at me!
As tiny stars all do—
The older and more stately ones
Just glare—though these are few.
And then I'd count and count until
They'd jumble in a heap—
And in the morning bright, I'd find
I'd fallen fast asleep!

R. C. '31

Wonder

I often stop to wonder
When reading verses fine
If poets have to ponder
Over words that do not rhyme.

Do they their pencils chew
Then frown and sigh,
Looking for a word that's new
To rhyme with when or why?

Or do they just sit and write
And never stop their words to mend
But in writing, do they still delight
When their poem is at an end?

—Anna Simkus '31

Encouragement

For when my conscience starts to brood,
I'm much too worried to be good,

But when I seem most nice to me,
How nice to others I can be!

—Myrtle S. Gary '31

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